



VIEWS OF THE CARTOONISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

IT WAS THE CUSTOM OF THE WOMAN WHO TOOK THE WASHING OUT TO DROP THE BUNDLE OVER THE STAIRS UNTIL DAD ORDERED THE PRACTICE DISCONTINUED



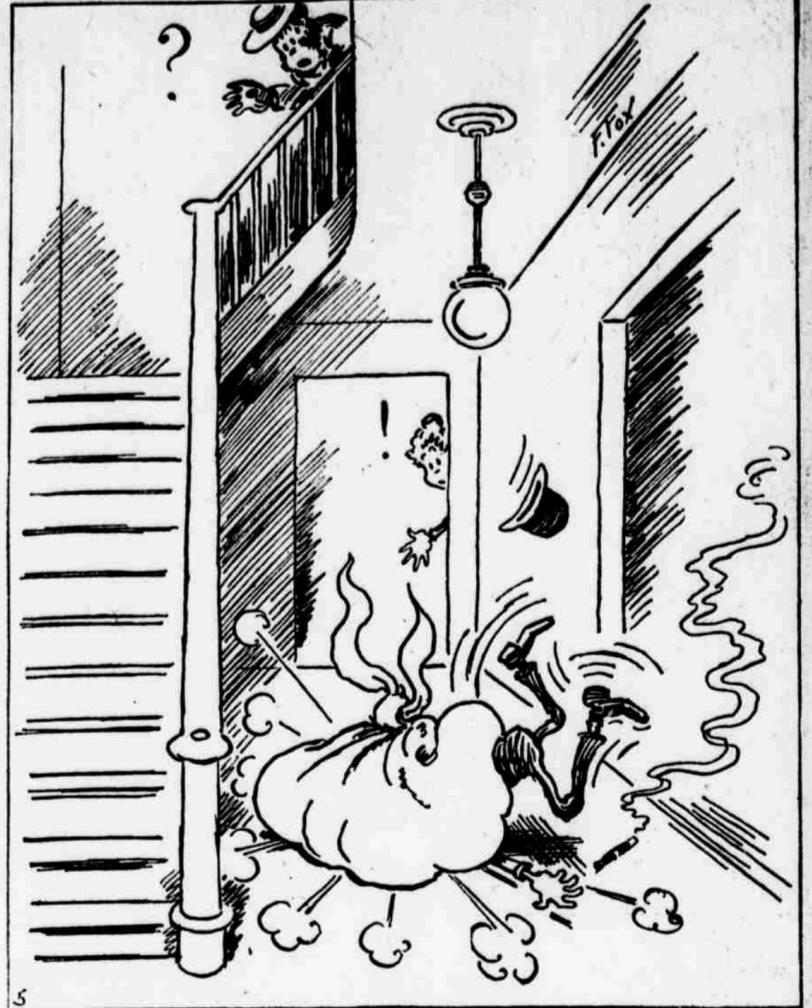
HER LITTLE BROTHER

Tuthill, in the St. Louis Star.



NOT SO EASY

From London Opinion.



Black Diamonds

THE PADDED CELL

(Copyright)



VENTRILOQUIST HINDENBURG: "WATCH CLOSELY, GENTLEMEN. MY LIPS DON'T MOVE"



IS THERE NOBODY HOME?

Kirby, in the New York World.



TAKE ANOTHER DOSE

Dennell, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



NO GOOD

Harding, in the Brooklyn Eagle.



IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

Evans, in the Baltimore American.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Big, in the Boston Globe.



POILUS: "WELL, COMRADES, YOU ARE HERE FOR OUR RELIEF!"

AMERICANS: "WE ARE!"

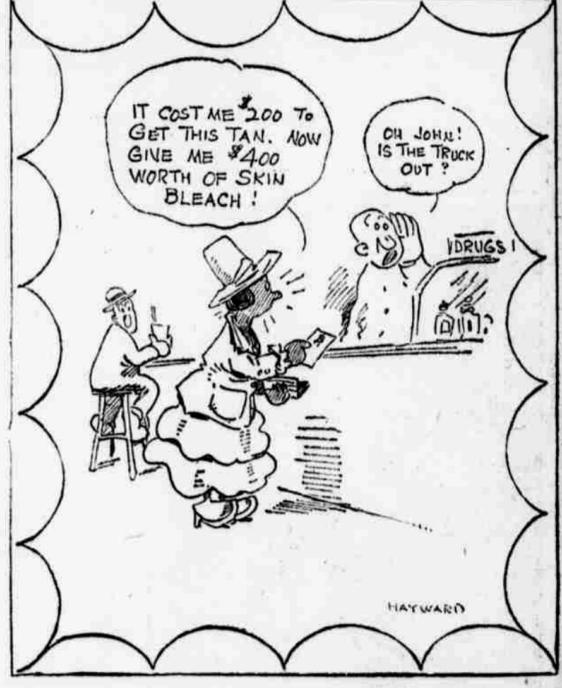
From L'Homme Enchaîné (French).

Oh, now it is the season cruel, when we must bow to Old King Coal, and to secure a store of fuel we must step up and pay him toll. We either have to sneeze and shiver when winter settles on the earth, or else hypothecate the fiver to keep a fire on the hearth. How awful on some cold gray morning, when lowering clouds obscure the sun, to suddenly receive the warning, "We'll have to buy another ton." It keeps us digging and requires an everlasting stream of cash to feed our hungry heater fires with stuff that quickly turns to ash; a pile of coal may look enormous when it is dumped into the bin, but never is enough to warm us until the milder days begin. And when we shiver in December and stamp around with frosted feet, it doesn't help us to remember the way we cursed at August heat; we simply have to grin and bear it, no matter how it dents our roll; small comfort that our neighbors share it, this misery of buying coal.

WILL MOORE.



—The Passing Show. Master Smith (apparently the only available office boy in town)—Look 'ere, I don't want ter stop 'ere all day. Why don't yer toss for who's goin' to 'ave me? Then I can settle about wages, 'olidays, time off for lunch and cetera.



HAYWARD

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Old Curiosity Shop

The Young Lady Across the Way



We remarked to the young lady across the way that this seems to be an age of combinations and that we must be very careful to see that they do not operate in restraint of trade, and she said she didn't see why trade should complain as long as it charged fully as much for the one garment as it used to for the two.